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Occasion'd by the ARRIVAL

OF

His ROYAL HIGHNESS

Prince GEORGE

Of *DENMARK*, &c.

Design'd to Marry

Her HIGHNESS

THE

LADY ANN,

DAUGHTER to that Heroick PRINCE,

JAMES,

Duke of YORK and ALBANY.

Printed by *N. Thompson*, at the Entrance into the *Old-Spring-Garden* near *Charing-Cross*, MDCLXXXIII.

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Tomalin,

WElcom Great Man! But stay, I hear
Some of my fellow-Swains draw near,
With them I'll mingle Joys, and We
(With Shepherds Art, and Melody)
Will joyn to sing his Praise, and make
The neighb'ring Woods and Groves partake.

What makes you now so dull? behold, the Sun
Is half-way up the Hill of Heav'n run.
Is this a time to lagg, when all the Plain
Does eccho with the God-like Shepherds name?
The Brisk, the Noble *Damon's*, who does chear
Each Shepherds heart, and glad our Hemisphere.

Willie,

Oh *Tomalin*! you can't believe
With what glad heart I did receive
The happy News No ſound did e'r
Unto my raviſh'd ears more welcom bear:
The braveſt Youth that ever took
Into his hand a Spear or Crook.
Oh, with what Pride (methinks) I ſee,
What Noble God-like Gallantry,
He walks, and traces o'r the Plain,
While ev'ry wond'ring Rural Swain
With willing heart does homage pay,
And at his feet their humble Off'rings lay.

Hobbinol,

All this, my *Tomalin*, is true;
But what's the cauſe Him hither drew?
Was it to ſhew His comely Grace,
Or Noble Form, or Manly Face;
Or how to dance it o'r the Lays,
On Summer-nights and Holy-days;
Or with his Oaten-pipe and Quill,
With artful Swains to try his Skill?
No; 'Twas the charming SYLVIA drew the Swain,
The Crown and Glory of the Plain,

Like

Like Roſes bluſhing, and more fair
Than Down of Swans, or Lillies are:
Great Natures beſt! more brisk and gay
Than bright *Aurora*, or the Day.
Had *Paris* ſeen Her, without doubt
Sh'ad merited the Golden Fruit,
And thoſe fair Goddeſſes had been
But Dowdies to our Rural Queen.

Tomalin,

No Shepherdeſs was ever yet
Like Her ſo Nobly Good and Great;
No Beauty but to her wou'd yield,
She is the Goddeſs of the Field:
How many Garlands have I ſeen
Preſented Her upon the Green!
And with what awful Fear and Love
Each Swain who moſt ſhou'd ſerve her ſtrove!
No Madrigal or Sonnet e'r
Was ſung, but ſtill in Praiſe of Her,
Nor Oaten-pipe was ever made,
But to delight her in the Shade;
All that the Shepherds Wit or Skill
Could do, was done to pleaſe her ſtill.

Willie,

Willie,

This is a happy day indeed!
Let's leave our Flocks alone to feed,
And joyn our homely Rural Lays,
To welcom HIM, and sing HER praise.

Hobbinol,

Happy! In truth you well may say
It is the happiest happy day;
We shall not only have a Swain
To Rule, and to secure the Plain,
One that is skill'd in ev'ry Art,
Can use the Crook as well as Dart,
Will clear our Folds from Wolves and Thieves,
That kill'd our Lambs, and stole our Beeves;
But *Sylvia* too will have no less
Than perfect Joy and Happiness;
How pleas'd She looks, how Sweet and Grave,
To see so Great a Man Her Slave!
Oh! what must we expect and find
From such a Noble Pair, and so combin'd!

Tomalin,

Behold, the Damsels all appear,
Each one a Garland too does bear,

To

To dreſs the Fields more fine and gay,
And make this Shepherds Holy-day.

Willie,

They ne'r more reaſon had than now,
Since *Sylvia* does to *Cupid* bow;
Each one may now go chooſe her Mate,
And ſo ſubmit to Love and Fate.

Tomalin,

And now w'are all together met,
Beneath this ſhady Grove let's ſit,
Adorn'd in harmleſs Shepherds Weed,
And tune each Oaten-pipe and Reed,
And with our Songs and Roundelays
To ſing the Noble *Damon*'s Praiſe;
Sylvia ſhall be our Theme, and then
To both we'll play, of both we'll ſing agen;
To both we'll wiſh a happy Fate,
And both their happy Joys Congratulate.

Hobbinol,

Come bring our Inſtruments before us,
And let each honeſt Heart
And artful Hand now bear a part,
To make a joyful *Chorus:*

Auſpiti-

Auſpitious *Pan!* look down, and be
Propitious to our Harmony;
Aſſiſt each Oaten-pipe and Quill,
And teach us Thy diviner Skill,
That we in Rural Sonnets may ſet forth
The Praiſe of DAMON, and Fair SYLVIA's Worth.

SONG.

I.

Tomalin, YE Pow'rs that influence Chaſt Loves,
And You that rule o'r Meads and Groves,
Look down, and ſee,
And let this Pair
As happy be,
As She's moſt Good, moſt excellently Fair.

II.

Willie, *Never before in* Albions *Plain*
Appear'd ſo brisk, ſo gay a Swain;
So Princely brave,
His look does awe
Each Rural Slave,
Whoſe ev'ry Word to ev'ry Swain's a Law.

Hobbinol,

III.

Hob. Sylvia, *the Goddeſs of the Groves,*
That reigns in all our Hearts and Loves,
To Her this day
We celebrate,
And ſing and play,
To wiſh Her joy in Her now happy Fate.

CHORUS.

May all the Joys that Heav'n can give light here,
Bleſt with a God-like Fathers tender Care,
Under the Wings of Mighty PAN, *may You*
All His, and your Great Fathers Foes ſubdue,
That all the World may ſee what You and Heav'n can do.

SONG.

Tom. Your Flocks shall all increase,
Wil. And you shall live in Peace;
Hob. Your Sheep shall never stray;
Wil. Your Lambs
Hob. The Wolf shall never slay;
Wil. Their Dams
Tom. Shall always fruitful be;
Wil. Each Swain
Tom. Shall Off'rings bring to Thee;
Wil. The Plain,
All. And never-dying loud-mouth'd Fame,
Shall still resound with Noble Damon's Name.
Tom. Sylvia shall be,
Thou Mighty Man, to Thee
A Blessing,
Hob. Possessing
More Charms
In Her Arms
Than e'r blest Swain before.
Wil. Ev'ry Field
Still shall yield
Somewhat more,
To Thy Store.

Whole

All. *Whole Nature ſhall conſpire*
To fulfil
Thy great Will,
And more Noble Deſire.
Tom. *In this great Union, We*
Expect not only Happineſs,
But that in future Ages it ſhould bleſs,
And ſend down Joys to our Poſterity.
Willie. *Ne'r may you want a Son,*
To grace the fertile Albion *Plain;*
How wonderfully bleſt would be each Swain,
To pay their Homage at His Rural Throne.

CHORUS by All.

May ev'ry thing aſſiſt your Love;
May all the Pow'rs that rule above
Conſpire together how to bleſs,
And give You everlaſting Happineſs.

Hobbinol,

Hobbinol,

'Twas well perform'd; but 'fore we sleep
Let's careful be to fold our Sheep:
Then practice o'r our Rural Lays
We sung to day in DAMON's Praise.

Willie,

Agreed, my *Hobbinol*, we will,
And ev'ry day increase our Skill;
And ev'ry year, more brisk and gay,
Welcom this happy Pair, this Shepherds Holy-day.

FINIS: